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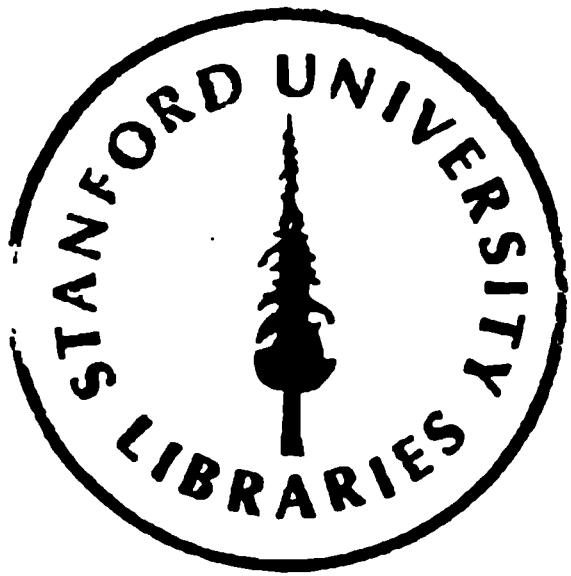
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1880

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RE

IN TOKEN OF GRATITUDE

TO

S. C. HESTER

AND

J. M. RYRIE

I have to thank Mr JOHN BUCHAN for much kind encouragement, and particularly Mr S. L. BENSUSAN for his sound direction and assistance in going through these pages.

A. L. R.

VANBRUGH PARK,
BLACKHEATH, LONDON.

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**“ Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, . . .
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro’
Gleams that untravell’d world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.”**

TENNYSON.

INTRODUCTION

a month my kit was packed, my farewells said, and I found myself travelling down to Barry docks to join a tramp steamer bound round the Horn for San Francisco.

Through the kindness of a shipbroker I had been able to arrange a passage on board, paying only the small sum of three shillings per day for mess-money.

I had ten pounds in my pocket and a few letters of introduction, most of them not worth the paper on which they were written. I had then, however, that which was of far greater value. I possessed untiring Energy, unlimited Hope and the unbounded Enthusiasm of youth. So I was rich in capital, richer than I knew ; for nothing is of real value till it is lost !

A WANDERER'S TRAIL

to do with the handling of a ship; hence the freshness and strangeness of everything was specially absorbing.

We entered the Golden Gate at sunrise, and anchored shortly afterwards in the bay of San Francisco, one of the most beautiful harbours in the world. It was the 24th day of April. Our voyage had taken us sixty-nine days. To all on board save myself it had been uneventful enough, nothing untoward having occurred during the trip. To me, however, the journey from the first day to the last had been full. I had learnt much of a life of which before I had been totally ignorant; I had gained knowledge of the laws that govern the coming and going of the ocean tramp and of the life and daily routine of those on board. The impressions of life in general that I obtained on that first voyage are still very clear in my mind.

TRAVEL IN THE WESTERN STATES

including a bed, of which luxury my state of funds, now alarmingly small, would not permit.

I bade my charming friends good-bye and, with a last look at the twinkling lights of Seattle fading away in the distance, I said for a time farewell to the hospitable shores of America.

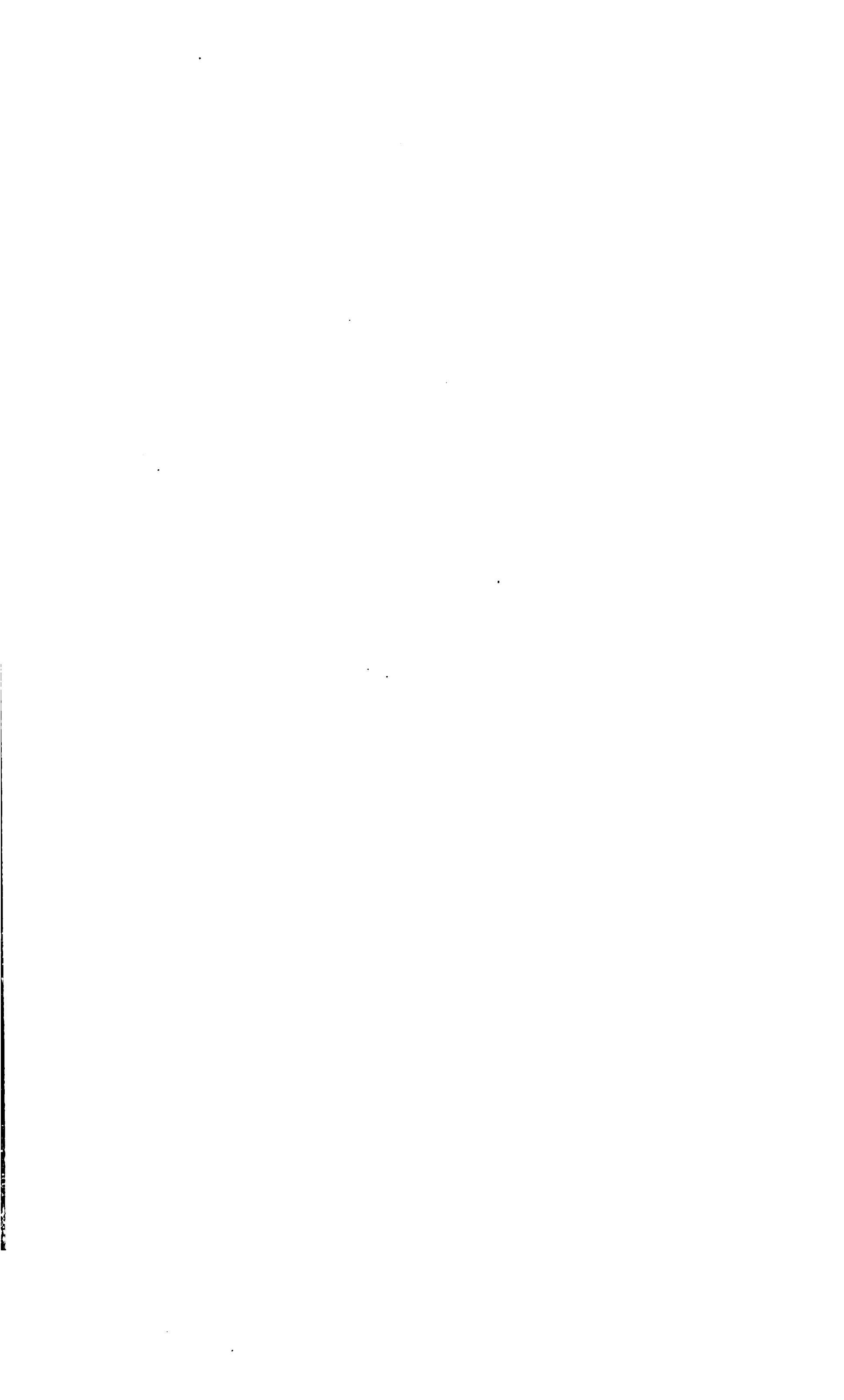
SOME EXPERIENCES IN CANADA

Round us lay countless wooded islands ; over us towered ranges of snowy hills overshadowing pine-clad slopes through which beautiful cascades leapt into the sea. Switzerland was out-rivalled !

Two days after leaving Ketchikan we steamed through the quiet waters of the Lynn Canal, at the head of which lay Skagway—our destination. We berthed alongside the wharf in the afternoon of the fifth day out, near by the little river of Skagway which leads up to the once-dreaded White Pass—the gateway of the Yukon.

We had been fortunate in not losing on the voyage any of the stock, for loss occurs frequently on steamers where no provision is made for the cattle.

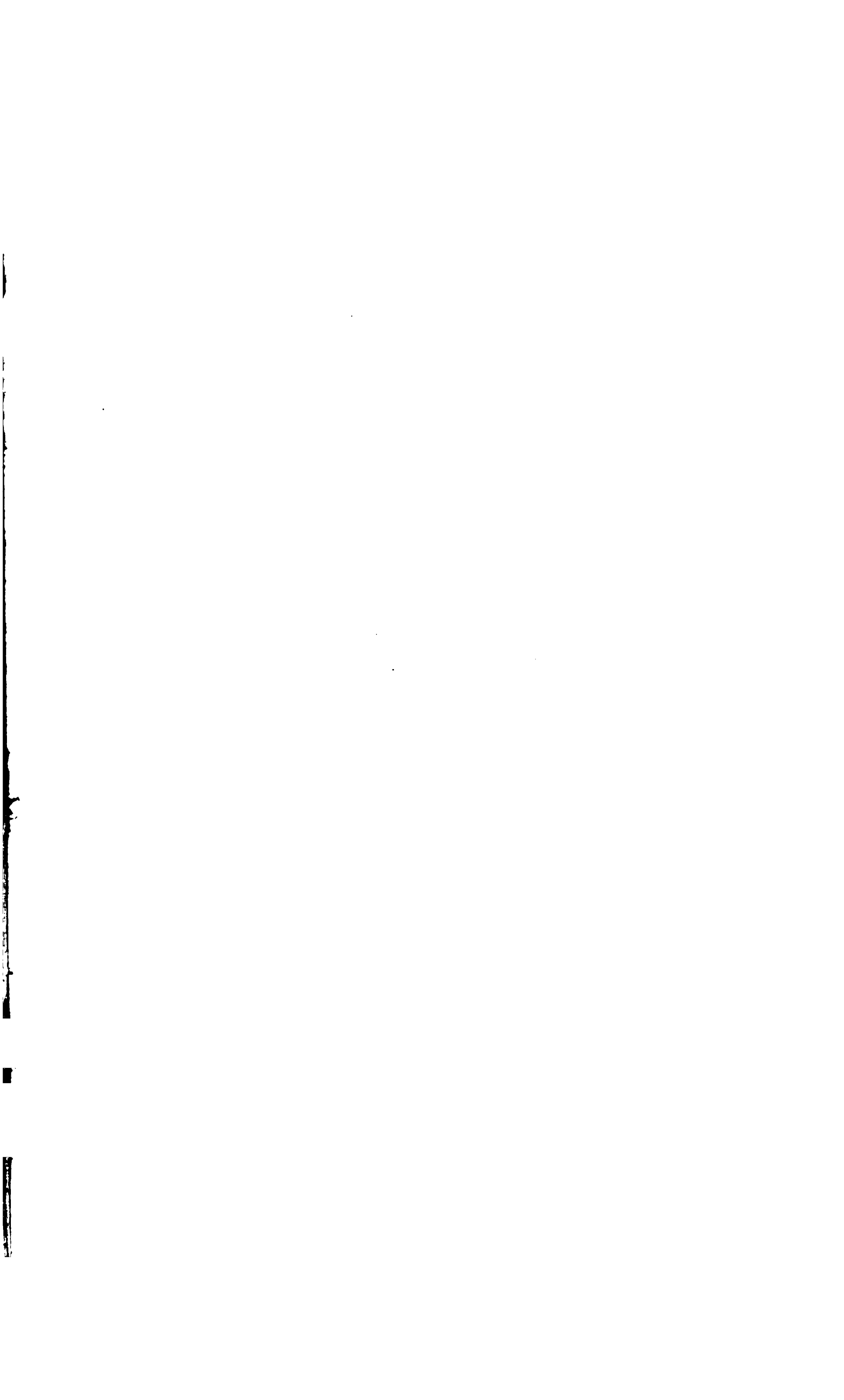
I had now to decide whether I would accompany the cattle up the Yukon to Klondyke, or seek my fortune in South Alaska.











PART II





PREPARATIONS FOR TREK TO OVAMBOLAND

“ slim ” leader’s hands he was a child ; and the last I heard of the unfortunate chap was that he was a prisoner in Portuguese Africa on a charge of gun-running, one of the waggons with him having more guns than the permit called for.

On the morning of the 5th of June I bade farewell to my brother, who was left in charge of the camp at Mukwe, and with Brown rode away to overtake the waggons and horses that had gone on ahead.



TREKKING NGAMILAND TO THE LAKE

them die. Our actions, in their collective aspect at least, really deserved no better verdict!

However, after ten days of inactivity, or of laying plans, which chiefly consisted of sitting on storekeepers' counters playing patience and swallowing the yarns of every Ananias in the stadt, my brother and I were detailed off to trek north along the Okavango to Portuguese territory. My brother assured me he had only a hazy idea of what he was to do. Being heartily tired of the fruitless and constant confabs, we were only too glad to get away on the veld once again.

We trekked out of the stadt on the evening of the 7th October. After trekking for two hours the driver skilfully smashed the *disselboom* of the waggon by driving the hind wheel into a deep rut. We thereon outspanned, ordered the natives to make a new shaft, and started to eat our supper quite at peace with the world. It might be interesting for the reader to compare our start here with that made by my brother and myself from Palapye. It was similar in one way, but not in another. Experience is a good if hard teacher.



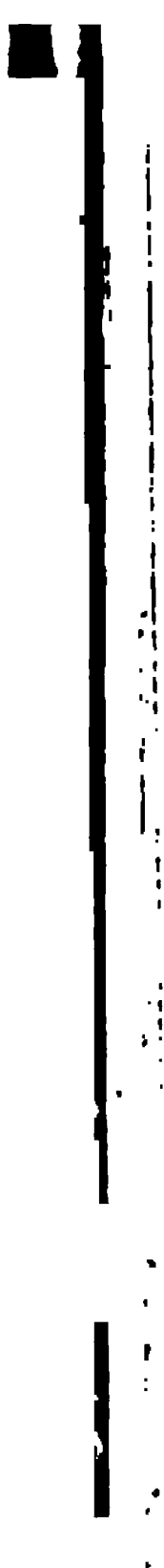
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SCENES IN BURMA

After our climb we rambled, wet and dishevelled, through the village to a large waterfall and there enjoyed a perfect bath sitting under the tumbling waters, a fitting finale to our strenuous day's doings. We disported ourselves here like schoolboys till late in the afternoon, when we returned to Moulmein, feeling tired but intensely pleased with ourselves. In the club that night I am inclined to think that, when saying in quite a casual way, "We climbed Mount Zingyaik to-day," I forgot to add that we only went half-way.

FROM MOULMEIN TO CALCUTTA

the innumerable acts of kindness and hospitality, and the ever delicate consideration for my limited finances, I feel I owe a tremendous debt of gratitude ; and of the crime of ingratitude may I never be accused.

It was the 12th October when the steamer *Napaj* cast off her lines and left Calcutta on her voyage to Japan.

IN THE FAR EAST AGAIN

Hope and Ambition, setting out to see the world with all the enthusiasm of Youth ; and then of myself at twenty-seven, returning home with little to show for my years of travel—save the gift of Experience and Knowledge of mankind. I often wondered during those hours whether I should ever have made the initial step if I had foreseen the path that lay before me.

Few respond to the call of the Unknown that comes to us in the springtime of Life ; most of us strangle it at birth. One must be young to see the world at its best, to laugh at the discomforts and glorify the reward—but the reward of true Travel declares itself slowly, and is not to be measured in terms of cash.

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